Every day we have tremendous showers and very alarming lightning, which put an end for the present to my hobby-horsical excursions in quest of flowers, prospects, or natural history.

I have painted above thirty flowers, and now begin to find it difficult to get new ones as the season advances.

September 29th, 1802.

The weather has been very hot, but not at my dear St. Juan—no; there the cool breeze blew so hard, that I was obliged to shut my windows; at this moment it is troublesome, and I am sitting dressed exactly as I should be at Hamsterley, and not a bit too warm, but am even obliged to take a glass of wine to cheer the cockles of my old heart.

I am here perfectly well with all parties, and I am very sure that I am one of the most unexceptionable men that could be fixed upon for any office here—excuse my trumpeter being dead.

There is no doubt Chartreux leads a quieter

life than I do, barring *les jours de tile.* *I* read, walk, work, write till dark, and at eight I am in